

THE
True Scots Genius,
REVIVING.
A
POEM.

*Written upon occasion of the RESOLVE
past in PARLIAMENT, the 17th of
July 1704.*

Prostas Sero quam Nunquam

Printed in the Year 1704.

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THE SCOTTISH CHURCH

REVIVING

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THE True Scots Genius,

REVIVING, A POEM.

ROUS'D from a Lethargy of hundred Years,
At last her Martial Head Old Scotia Rears;
Awakn'd with Resentments she hath born
Too long of English Chains and English Scorn;
Impatient to get Free, she now Regains
A gen'rous Heat, thro' all her frozen Veins;
Nobly resolv'd to break the servile Chain,
She Champs and Tuggs for LIBERTY again.

Under the crushing weight, tho' not the Name,
Of Bondage, Scotland groaning did remain,
This hundred Years, with a declining Fame:
Bereav'd of Power, of Riches, and of Trade,
Still slavishly to England's Int'rest ty'd
Which, in return still, with a Mortal Feud
Did all her brave and wise Designs Elude
While she in Spight of multiplyed Harms
For them 'gainst Neighb'ring Princes carry'd Arms
Mistaken Charity! And always lent
Auxiliaries their Dangers to prevent

Who, at the honest exit of their Wars,
Still Reap'd the Benefit, and She the Scars.
Whil'st most ungrateful they did smile to see,
Her lavish of Her Blood and Liberty,
W^hile^s N^e H^{an}d^{an} F^{iel}ds^o often D^{id} T^o
With Scottish Crimson streams and purple Tide.

The Scottish Body, which, from Pole to Pole,
Did, once, make known the Active Scottish Soul;
By a long tract of Injuries Opprest
Failing in all Attempts to be Redress'd;
Long sick'ning, by degrees at length became
Unfit to lodge the Scottish Soul and Flame.

The Soul, the mighty Genius, with regret,
Seem'd to give way and yeild t' approaching Fate,
And moving so few Members of the Nation
Seem'd landed in a state of Separation;
As fainting People sometimes have been lay'd
In Coffins and in Graves, reputed Dead.
The insulting Enemy beheld with Joy
What they so long had labour'd to Destroy,
T' have breath'd its last: thought all did now remain
Was to Affront and Rob the Carcass slain;
To Rob it, now unable to Resist,
Of every Jewel every Ornament,
And as the Brutal Sexton who designs
Inhumanly to Rob the Inter'd, but finds
The Jewel can't be parted from the Joint
But by the sharpen'd Steele's dividing Point,
By barbous gashes doth awake the Senile
And calls the Soul to Action from Suspence:
So while our Nation's Independent Crown
They wou'd remove and lay 't below their own,
It proves to closely fix'd to Scotland's Head
Scotland's, tho' now plum'd upon as Dead;

The

That it with deepest gashes to the Bone
Must barb'rously be cut, or th' other let alone
They're clear to venture on th' effectual way
Will Tare and Gash to carry off the Prey.
Imperious Addresses of their Lords,
And Bullying Senator's Reproachful Words,
Their sallie Envenom'd Pens like whetted Swords
Are all Employ'd ; But to another End,
Heaven turn'd the Effect then what they did intend ;
Their oft repeated stroaks bestow'd to fast,
To Feeling brought th' entranced Soul at last.

How mortify'd the *English* were to find,
They had been so mistaken and so blind,
As to believe, by too implicate Faith,
A meer *Deliquium* a real Death ;
The Soul recover'd felt and groan'd aloud ;
The piercing Echo reach'd the Sacred shroud,
Where, from the Reverend Mansions of the Dead,
From Ancient Trophies that in Vaults were laid,
From Warlike helmers that with rust were brown,
Circled with Awfull Glory and Renown ;
Brave *Caledonia* started from Her Seat,
With fierce aspect and with a glowing Heat,
Rapid she flew to the confines of Light
Fresh dropping wounds o're-spread her awfull Sight.
In Her Right Hand a forked Javeling bore,
And on Her Left a shining Ta get wore,
Her Royal Tresses Red with Hostile Gore.
With hale and speedy wings she did resort,
To Her Assembl'd Sons in *Scotish* Court :
Where, now Eiliven'd by Her proper Soul,
With *Scotish* Majesty Her Eyes did Roll :
Amongst the Peers she cast an Awful Look :
Th' amaz'd Assembly were with horrour struck,
To whom with voice impetuous, thus she spoke

Where is the Off-spring of the Noble Blood,
Which sometimes in the Veins of Scotsmen flow'd?
Where are the Sons whose Fathers did of old,
Prefer their Freedom to less worthy Gold?
Still grasp their Liberty with Manly Force,
And look'd on slavery as the greatest Curse:
Yea rather than become, or live like, Slaves,
Sunk with Renown and Honour to their Graves.
They never cring'd nor fawn'd with suppliant Face,
For mercenary Titles, or a Place.

Where are they now who beauteous Illustrious Nobles,
O' th' *Hamiltons*, the *Douglases*, the *Grahams*,
The *Bruce*, the *Hume*, the *Hay*, and many more,
who still maintain'd My LIBERTY before?
While such were the Assertors of my Cause,
Defenders of My LIBERTIES and LAWS,
The Independent Crown Adorn'd My Head;
My Honour and My Lat'rest did not Bleed;
As now I feel, (and you may see) them do,
And fear My sovereignty's truckling too;
May see the Chains a-wreathing on My Arms
By those with whom I've been in equal Terms;
Tho' now expos'd to unavenged Harms.

Was it for this I bore the fiercest shock
Of Roman Legions? And with Fury broke through
Through all the Glittering Squadrons, who smil'd
To find Me fix'd them Lambs, wondring gaz'd
Th' forward Legions with their Thundering train,
Strove o'er to keep the Adrian wall in vain;
Were still Repuls'd, still brast back again,
In mid'st of all their Eagles did Graze
My Freedom, and escapi'd it to the last.

The Fury of the Goths here stopt its course:
The Manly Warlike Saxon wanted Force

To cut a Passage; and the Martial Dane,
 His Succession was off beat back with Shame,
 England's proud Conquerors could never tame
 My Native Fierceness, nor Enthrall my Fame:
 My Ancient Laws and Priv'leges still stood,
 Tho' deeply writin' Charact'res of Blood.
 To force and Hostile Arms I never bowed,
 When Treach'ry sometimes had me half Subdu'd;
 But still, in utmost Straits, I could retain
 My Bleeding Freedom, and Secur't again,
 Untill this last, to me Inglorious, Age,
 In which my Spirit funk, and Noble Rage
 Decay'd into a Tameness, which did still
 Too faintly Strugle with our Taylors Will,
 Or meanly suffer'd from them all that's ill,
 And will you thus in Slavery, ever ly
 Regardless of your Fame and Memory,
 Your present Infrest and Posterity?
 Shall you be ever plagued with the Curse
 Of Poverty? and will you (which is worse)
 Be always Drudging Slaves to th' English Nation?
 Submissive Fools to th' End of the Creation?
 Forbid it Heavens! Nay, since in some true Honour still had place,
 Since young Repentance gloweth in the Face
 Of some, who once misled, do now intend
 To be Reform'd sincerely, and Amend?
 Tho' some will still be V.....ns to the End
 I do You all Adjure, (and hope to find
 The Better Part to SCOTLAND's Interest kind.)
 To raise your Ancient Spirit, and the Blood,
 Which Frozen long a round your Heart hath stood:
 I'll be your tut'lar Angel, lead the way
 To Glory, Freedom, Fame and Victory.
 This said, she paus'd and with a Piercing Eye
 The Passions in each Face she did Survey,

Some deep shame, in some did Native Love,
Some did Sparks of Radiant Courage move,
Some were Eclips'd with a Coward Fear,
And some with Conscious guilt, and deep Despair.

You who (said she) your Country's wrongs lament,
And its Misfortune Seriously Regret,
Rise for the Glory of the Scottish Name;
'Tis Now or Never you'll your Freedom gain:
But if this Precious Minute Slide away,
Then in Eternal Slavery you'll Obey:
But you whom av'rice, Guilt or Base Design,
To the Degenerat party do's incline,
Is Characters of Infamy your Name,
Shall be Enrol'd to your Eternal Shame.
Then some, with Smiling Looks she daign'd to Grace,
On others cast a Gloomy Threatning Face;
Then in a Twinckling Vanish out of sight,
And to her former Seats direct her Flight.

Scarce was the great, the mighty, Phantom gone,
When Radiant Honour in the Faces shone,
Of both the best, and of the Greatest part
Of th' Honour'd Members of the Scottish Court,
Old Caledonia had Transfus'd the Soul,
The Genius now Revived in the whole;
This Noble Genius did soon inspire,
Each worthy breast with Freedoms large desire,
And rais'd their Souls to that Exalted Pitch,
Which the Old Scottish Hero's once did reach.

Fresh as the Blooming Roses of the Morn,
May still their vertue Live and still adorn
Their Fame; still hover o're their honour'd Dust,
When the Degenerat's memory shall rust.

